

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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'SQUIRE DUNHAM'S OLD AGE.

A WORD FOR THE WORLDLY MINDED.

—
BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.
—

"HAVE you heard the news?"

"No; what is it now?"

"Squire Dunham is gone—was found dead in his bed this morning—carried off by a stroke of apoplexy."

"He was one of our prominent citizens. He'll be widely missed.

"I'm not at all certain about that last remark. In my opinion there'll be very few mourners at Squire Dunham's funeral. He was a hard old customer from first to last: and all he thought of, or cared for, was to make money. He was shrewd enough at a bargain and always got the best of it: but I think you'd have to go a long way to find the man, woman, or child that's any the worse off 'cause Squire Dunham's finished his days."

"It's a great pity he couldn't take any of his bank stock or real estate with him. I tell you, my friend, one finds, after all, it's a losing operation to have all one's property in what goes for nothing on the other side. They want a different kind of coin there."

"That's a fact. I reckon Squire Dunham has learned some new truths by this time."

The above conversation took place in a city car just as the night was falling, so that the passengers could hardly discern one another in the dim twilight. The speakers were two plain-talking men, in the prime of their years; and the conversation was suddenly cut short, for the car stopped at the street crossing, and the friends hurried out together.

In the seat behind them sat an old man

of somewhat portly figure and dignified presence. He had a hard, cold sort of face,—a face which no tender sympathies, no high and noble purposes, no earnest, unselfish striving for right and truth had softened or spiritualized, and, looking into the keen grey eyes, under the shaggy eye-brows, a heart that had gone to them for pity or mercy would have turned away. Beneath lay no sweet gushing springs of human love, only the cold, hard rock where no flowers blossomed, and from whose bosom gushed no streams gladdening the waste desert of the man's soul.

But it was evident that the old gentleman had been an interested listener to the conversation which had transpired in the seat before him. At the first mention of Squire Dunham's name he had leaned forward, and drank in breathlessly every word which followed; while quick flushes and strange agitation went over the hard, thin face. He leaned back, so that the men should not catch a glimpse of his features as they left the car, and his reflections went on somewhat after this fashion:

"Well, it's pleasant, that's a fact, for a man to sit still and see his life held up after he's laid in his coffin. I never met either of these men, but it appears one of them, at least, is pretty well posted up about me, and the estimation in which I am held in public opinion, though he's mistaken my name for Silas Dunham, the old lawyer, who died last night. Complimentary, wasn't it, Stephen Dunham? I s'pose there was a little spite and envy at the bottom of it all, just such as poor folks always have towards those who have got more money than they; but then—"

At that moment the car stopped in front of the stately dwelling in which

the old banker resided. And that "but then" followed him into his house, and sat down with him at his solitary supper-table, and after it was through these words were the text which the roused conscience of the rich man took up and preached to him after this wise:

"But then, Stephen Dunham," it whispered, as the rich old miser walked up and down the gorgeous parlours of his lonely home, "you know that what that man said about you was true. There's no use getting aside of it, for it hit the nail straight on the head. You know, too, that your one aim and object in life has been to make money, and that there isn't a human being above ground that would have reason to shed a tear if you were laid to-night beneath it. You've got money, as that man said. You generally get the best of a bargain, but, after all, your half million that you've delved your whole life to get together, won't pass for anything in that world which you're getting pretty near now; and as there's no body to mourn you here, it isn't likely you'll have any welcome there."

And here 'Squire Dunham sat down in his velvet arm chair by his marble table, and his thoughts went back through the long winding path of the years to his youth. His boyhood, his glad, careless boyhood came back to him. The gentle, loving mother, the young, sweet face of his sister, rose up before him, and he saw the little brown cottage where his life came up to manhood. The old apple-tree in front was frosted with the blossoms of May, and he stood there with Hetty, his little sister, and her laugh, sweet as the gurgle of a mountain brook, was in his ears, and her little rounded, plump arms were about his neck. How she did love him, that little sister Hetty, over whose sweet face had grown the grass of so many summers—how proud she was of him, and he could see the little golden head dancing out of the house every night to meet him when he came home from his work.

Stephen Dunham's mother was a poor widow, and he had his own way to make in the world. He had risen step by step in his native town, and he saw at last that greed of money had taken

possession of him until every other wish and purpose of his life had been swallowed up in the pursuit of riches.

He was still a young man when he came to the city, but he brought with him the title of 'squire, which he had borne for three years. He took to himself a wife, the daughter of a rich man, and she brought him a hundred thousand dollars for her dowry; but in a few years death had summoned her away, and she had left him no children, whose soft sweet voices, calling him "father" should melt the cold heart that knew but one love, and that was *money*.

"All this 'Squire Dunham thought of, as he sat alone by the table, with the bright light of the chandeliers, gilding the gray head he rested on his hands, and he thought, rich man as he was, that his money didn't pay—that after all, the great object of his life had been as the man said, a "losing operation," and he longed to feel that in the wide world there was one human being who would be sorry to hear that he was dead—one human being, man, woman or child, who could say, "I am happier this night because you are on the earth."

And in the midst of want and yearning, a sudden recollection flashed across the mind of 'Squire Dunham. He rose up, and walked again to and fro with his hands behind him, and his forehead knit with perplexing thought, and a variety of emotions flitting over his face.

But suddenly he stopped, and set down his foot resolutely. "I'll do it—I'll do it this very night," and he went into the hall and took up his cane, and passed out into the street, contrary to his usual habit; for the night was dark and cold.

"Did you see Mr. Minor, Henry?" It was a faint, mournful voice which asked this question, and the speaker was a pale, sad-faced woman, whose sunken eyes and hollow cheeks told you at once she was an invalid.

The chamber where she sat was very poorly furnished, but everything was neat. A small fire was burning in the grate, and a solitary candle on the stand.

"No, mother, Mr. Minor won't be home for a week," answered the boy, slowly and sadly, as though he hated to communicate the news. He was a

slender, delicate-looking boy, apparently in his twelfth year.

"It is my last hope," said the mother, looking despairingly on the thin hands which lay in her lap. "There is no way to pay the rent, and the agent said if it wasn't ready when he called to-morrow, we must go into the street. What will become of us, my poor children? I'd hung on to Mr. Minor's getting back; he was so kind to your father before he died, but my last hope is gone now. I could have earned the money if it hadn't been for this sickness, brought on by steady sewing, but to-morrow we must go into the street." She said the words with great tears slowly chasing themselves down her pale cheeks.

"Don't cry, mother. I earned a shilling this afternoon selling papers, and bought you and Mary each a nice orange," interposed the boy, trying to speak in a bright, hopeful voice.

And now a small, eager hand was thrust out for the fruit, and a little voice said earnestly, "Oh, mother, don't let us feel bad now we've got the oranges."

At that moment there was a loud rap at the chamber door, which startled the little family, but Harry was not long in ushering into the room an old gentleman, who inquired if Mrs. Carpenter resided there.

His glance took in the room and its three occupants, and after taking the seat which Harry Carpenter brought him, he said, "I am 'Squire Dunham, and I called here to say, Mrs. Carpenter, that I would not press the matter about the rent; that if you could not meet it, you might stay here, and I would not trouble you."

A flash of joy went over the three faces, but the mother broke down in a sob. "Oh, sir, God in heaven bless you for this!" and they were the sweetest words which Stephen Dunham had heard for many a day.

But before he could answer, his gaze was attracted to a small, wistful, upturned face in the corner, and its sweet blue eyes, and the golden gleams in its brown hair, were like that face which shone away off in the morning of his boyhood—the face of his sister Hetty!

As his gaze met the little girl's, she rose up and came toward him. "You

won't send mamma, and Harry, and me into the street, will you?" she said, in her sweet, pleasing way; "cause we can't live there when the wind blows, and the rains come, and the great carriages will go over us; and mamma is sick, and I'm a little girl, you know, and Harry isn't big enough to do anything but sell papers."

"My child, said 'Squire Dunham, "you shall never go into the street!" and his voice was not quite steady, and there was a strange moisture about his eyes. He took the little girl on his knees, and she nestled her bright young head on his shoulders, chattering away to him, and thinking what a good, kind man 'Squire Dunham was!

The landlord remained sometime with his tenants. Many kind words and promises cheered them, for that little head, resting softly against his heart, warmed and gladdened it: and before he left, 'Squire Dunham bent down and kissed the little girl, and left two ten-dollar gold pieces in her small, chubby hand. He went home that night a happier man than he had been for years, sure that three hearts beat lighter because he was in the world!

And the lesson that Stephen Dunham learned that night going home in the cars, took deep root in his heart, and brought forth much fruit.—*Home Jl.*

HANDSOME CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Our Sunday-School Association has just issued a very useful and excellent book for young people, with a coloured map, called "SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PAUL," written by one of our brother Ministers, the Rev. Jno. Robertson. We feel we cannot do better than draw the attention of our readers, at this time, to the volume, and commend it for a gift book among our friends, at this season of the year. We could easily fill our entire columns with extracts that would greatly interest all our readers. Do buy the book for your families. The price is 3s., gilt-edged. Whitfield, London.

A HAND-BOOK OF FAMILY DEVOTION.—Dr. Beard informs us, in the course of a few weeks, he will have ready, in one vol., neatly bound, the book of "Devotions and Meditations." The Meditations are on "LIFE, TRUTH, and DUTY," translations from Zschokke, which will be a companion vol. to "Meditations on Death and Eternity," the vol. published recently by Her Majesty's most gracious permission. To subscribers who send their names to S. S. Laing, 2, Camp Terrace, Lower Broughton, Manchester, the price will be 6s. To others, 8s.

GOOD WORDS TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY RACHEL EVANS.

(Continued from page 155.)

EDUCATION is a work which is to be carried on within your own mind. Your mind may be compared to a room of which you only have the key, and with which you alone can enter. This room is very full of rubbish, which is to be cleared out and replaced by valuable treasures. Your tutor may assist you, by showing you what is useless rubbish, and by teaching you what treasures are worth storing up; but as he cannot go into the room, it will be impossible for him to do more. You, who alone have the key of the room, and can go into it, must sweep out the rubbish, take in the treasures, and arrange them so that they shall be at hand when they are wanted. Now, let us apply this to your education. Let us suppose that your tutor wishes to teach you the history of Rome. He chooses a good history; he makes you read a certain quantity; and perhaps, he afterwards asks you questions in what you have read, in order to see whether you have paid attention. Now, the object of your reading is, that you may remember the different characters, and that you may try to imitate the noble actions of great men, and to avoid the faults of bad ones. But can your tutor do this? Can he make you think a single thought, except according as you choose? Can he make you form a single good resolution, or can he make you afterwards carry this resolution into practice? So far from being able to do all this, he cannot even know whether you are doing it. He can neither go into the room of your mind, nor see into it, nor place a single thought in it. He tells you what foolish thoughts ought to be cleared out, and what wise ones ought to be put in, but to do either the one or the other depends on your own will. If, then, you wish to be well-educated, you must remember that your future usefulness and success will mainly depend on your progress in acquisition of wisdom, or in the formation of your character, *by your own exertions.*

The chief characteristic of these exertions must be resolution—steady, unwearied, persevering resolution. It will not do to be delighted with the choice given you, to resolve to follow it, and then to think no more about it. This is too common a mode of treating good advice. Nor will it answer better to go a few steps farther; to form good resolutions, to carry them into practice for a week, a month, or even a year; and then, when you discover that the work is one of difficulty, to abandon it, and perhaps, to persuade yourself that so much trouble is unnecessary, and that you will become wise and good, by letting your mind take its own way. This mode of acting is scarcely less common than the preceding. Dr. Franklin has illustrated it by the following story: “A man went into a blacksmith’s shop to buy an axe. The one which he chose was bright at the edge when it had been applied to the grindstone, while the rest of it was dull. The purchaser desired to have it polished all over, and the blacksmith began to grind it. This was a long process, requiring much patience. At length the dull surface began to disappear, and bright spots showed themselves here and there. But by this time the customer’s patience was exhausted, and he begged to have the axe given to him. ‘Wait a little,’ said the blacksmith, ‘it is not bright yet; it is only speckled.’ ‘Never mind,’ answered the customer, ‘I like a speckled axe best.’” I hope, my dear young friends, that you will not like a speckled axe best—in other words, I hope that as soon as your good habits begin to appear, you will not stop short, but will labour until they are perfected. “Seek ye, therefore, to be perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect.” This formation of character, which I have called wisdom, is a valuable assistant to religion; and is, in some respects, inseparably connected with it. We read in the Bible that “one object of our blessed Saviour’s death for us, was to redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works”—in other words, to form their character to resemble his own, and to make them fit to dwell with him for ever. I desire, therefore, that the formation of your character may be based upon

the principles of religion, which is the most perfect wisdom, and that it may be pursued from the motives of religious hope and duty.*

Above all, remember, that by yourself you can do nothing; but that, while you are bound to work, to plant, and to water, God alone can give the increase. Let every effort, then, be begun in prayer for his blessing, be continued with prayers for strength to persevere, and be ended with praise for the success of which all the glory belongs to Him. Without this, you can never persevere or succeed in the gigantic work before you.

Remember too, that I do not urge you to make any violent effort. Such efforts are apt to wear themselves out, and by requiring exertion beyond your strength, and to deter you from that, to which you otherwise may be equal. It is the formation of habits which I desire; these habits can be established only by frequent repetition of the same act; and this unwearied repetition depends on perseverance. Your progress may be slow, but it will not be the less certain. "All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick-axe, or one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet these petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains all levelled, and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings." May the recollection of these facts be your encouragement when the way seems long, when you seem to make no progress, and when the goal is even out of sight. May your motto henceforth be—"Prayer, patience, and perseverance conquer all things."

INDEXES AND TITLE-PAGES FOR THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.

Subscribers will oblige by giving their orders for the above, which will be sent as a Supplement, charged One Halfpenny, with the February parcels of 1863. Indexes and Title-pages for the Vols. of 1861 and 1862 united on one sheet. Subscribers who wish for 1862 only, must order so.

THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

MEDITATIONS ON DEATH AND ETERNITY.

WE desire to draw the attention of our readers to this invaluable work, of selections made by Her Majesty, and were authorised by her for translation from the German. "In deep and overwhelming sorrow they had proved a source of comfort and edification," so for private circulation, in the first place, they were printed in England, and now with the Queen's permission they are before the whole of her subjects. There are many things for which we can highly esteem the preferences of Her Majesty, but for none, more so, than this book that she has authorised for publication. We have read of a Queen in the South Sea Islands who delivered her subjects from much idolatry by her courage and Christian profession; and of a Queen in olden times, in pagan England, who did much to aid the first missionaries of Christianity in our island; and of a Queen who aided the reformation of religion in England some hundreds of years ago; we now rejoice in a Queen who seems to have little sympathy with many of the outrageous doctrines of our own day, and takes opportunities offered her for promoting more rational, scriptural, and consolatory views of religious truth by the books and sermons to which she sets her seal.

It would be impossible in our narrow limits to set forth a tithe of the valuable sentiments in this book.* The central pivot on which the whole of the book rests is the LOVE of God; and that man is God's child made to draw nearer Him for ever and ever. That pain, and sorrow, and death are a part of the destiny of man, ordained by God, and all things that belong to our destiny are for our good. "Everything must work for our good—everything must be on our side, because God is on our side. The preordinations of the Lord are wise, just, and beneficent. Their end is not to make us slaves without a will of our own, but to give freedom to our spirits; they work with our spirits to raise them above fate."

*Published by Trubner, London, at half-a-guinea.

The book deplores that there is such a want of real religion. That there is much profession, without any deep spirit of earnestness or living trust in the verities of the Christian religion. That preachers and people live too much for what is fleeting, and too little in the faith of what is eternal. The book deplores the melancholy views taken of religion, as a dull, and lifeless, and cheerless thing. "That preachers who love to inspire their hearers with dread, by the pictures of the terrors of judgment, do certainly convey a wrong idea of religion. These men preach a Godhead as prone to anger, as inexorable, and as revengeful as themselves. Nevertheless, the God of Christianity is the God of love and gladness, for he is the Father of the beings he has created. The religion of Jesus is a religion of love and joy." The writer demolishes the doctrine of everlasting torments, and a personal devil, and in many places of the book shows great sympathy with the doctrine of Universal Restoration. He says, "the heathen, by the light of their immature reason, to solve the problem of good and evil in the world, invented an EVIL BEING, and this was introduced to the Jews when they were in captivity. The Jews, and even the first Christians, made use of figures of speech which would be likely to be understood by the people. This ungenerous notion (a devil), so incompatible with the omnipotence and omniscience of God is perhaps hardly worthy of a refutation." Many of the bishops and divines of England will be shocked that the Queen should have marked such a passage for translation and diffusion among her people. The Head of the Church too, by the way. And then, again, what must our Churchmen think of the following: "Many Christians conceive of God as a God of vengeance, as an angry God, a jealous and unreasonable God, who punishes the faults of a moment (for is man's life on earth more than a brief moment) with the sufferings of eternity, and who takes revenge for the sins of the fathers on the innocent offspring—actions which, if committed by a human being, would rightly be considered as execrable and unjustifiable." The writer affirms "there is no evil in the entire universe, but sin, and sin is the

work of man, springing from that freedom with which God has endowed him, to will and to do right and wrong. We are, therefore, the principal authors of our sufferings."

In this brief notice it must be understood we are barely touching a few of the doctrinal points the writer occasionally touches. But the whole book is consolatory and edifying from beginning to end. You cannot open a single page without reading sentences you can never forget. Note the following, on divine punishment: "The divine laws that rule on earth, are, that we should grow daily in wisdom, in knowledge, in virtue, and in godliness. Pain and suffering are man's guide to perfection. And even had wisdom and virtue never been preached to men, nature's silent language would have taught it to them." "Man is not preordained to be the victim of sin and corruption, but to be made happy." "Sorrow and suffering are in themselves his guide to happiness. This is his *destiny*." "It is thus the soul's active power of virtue that raises it up to a higher destination; and it is not the loving Deity that condemns us, but our own imperfection and sinfulness. The justice of God is tempered by love and mercy, and therefore the self-condemned may perhaps, after having been purified in the furnace of new and bitter trials, again be allowed to approach the All Good One. But the more perfect spirits will ever be in advance of them, for the consequences of the neglect of the soul on earth endure eternally."

There is such a rationality and naturalness pervading the whole book, you are carried on to the author's conclusions by the force of truth that sweetly beams in every sentence. He continually illustrates the most spiritual idea by something that in the outer world mirrors it to you. Could you expect in propounding the reunion of friends in another world that he could find much in this to aid his faith? yea he finds very much. He says, "Light ever blends with light, earth with earth. Each thing finds its like. I am astounded at the effects of the elective affinities in lifeless matter, in which like always seeks and amalgamates irresistibly with like, while it rejects whatever is foreign to it. And

what we call elective affinity and sympathy in the material world, is LOVE in the spiritual realm. When bright-eyed spring awakes, millions of plants stand forth in the full bloom of their loveliness, and each species sends forth through the air its golden pollen to the others of its kind. Among millions of flowers it floats, as if attracted by some magic power, *towards that one only* which is of a similar nature to itself. That infinite power of God which guides the fructifying pollen from afar, to the only flower that awaits it, can it fail in the realm of higher beings, more closely akin to the Godhead? Oh, yes; there is *reunion* after death. That which God has united is united for ever. Therefore, O beloved spirit, beloved through eternity, we can never be parted. Thou in Heaven and I on Earth belong to each other for ever. I shall one day be with thee in paradise. Why, then should I weep? We are both living in the great house of our Father."

"A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME."

OH, WHERE will be the birds that sing,

A hundred years to come?

The flowers that now in beauty spring,

A hundred years to come?

The rosy lip, the lofty brow,

The heart that beats so gaily now?

Oh, where will be love's beaming eye,

Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,

A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,

A hundred years to come?

Who'll tread yon church with willing feet

A hundred years to come?

Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,

And childhood with its brow of truth,

The rich and poor, on land and sea,

Where will the millions be,

A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,

A hundred years to come!

No living soul for us will weep,

A hundred years to come!

But other men our lands will till,

And others then our streets will fill;

While other birds will sing as gay,

As bright the sunshine as to-day,

A hundred years to come.

RULES FOR USING THE TONGUE.

THE tongue is called in the Bible "an unruly member." Our own experience accords perfectly with the statement, and observations on the tongues of others have satisfied us of the fact. We think the following rules, if carefully followed, will be found of great use in taming that which has not yet been perfectly tamed.

1. *Never use your tongue in speaking anything but truth.*—The God of Truth, who made the tongue, did not intend it for any other use. It will not work well in falsehood, it will run into such inconsistencies as to detect itself. To use the organ for publishing falsehood, is as incongruous as the use of the eye for hearing, or the ear for smelling.

2. *Do not use your tongue too much.*—It is a kind of waste-gate to let off the thoughts as they collect and expand the mind; but if the waste-gate is always open, the water will soon run shallow. Many people use their tongues too much. Shut the gate and let streams of thought flow in till the mind is full, and then you may let off with some effect.

3. *Never let the stream of passion move the tongue.*—Some people, when they are about to put this member in motion, hoist the wrong gate—they let out Passion instead of Reason. The tongue then makes a great noise, disturbs the quiet of the neighbours, exhausts the person's strength, but does no good. The wind has ceased, but what is the benefit?

4. *Never put the tongue in motion while your respondent has his in motion.*—The two streams will meet and the reaction will be so great words of neither will reach the other, but come back in a blinding sprinkle upon himself.

5. *See that your tongue is hung true before using it.*—Some tongues we have observed are so hung that they sometimes equivocate considerably. Let the owners of such turn the screw of conscience until the tongue moves true.

6. *Expect that others will use their tongues for what you do yours.*—Some claim the privilege reporting all the news, and charge others not to do so. Your neighbour will not allow you to monopolize the business. If you have anything to be kept secret, keep it yourself.

TESTIMONY AGAINST IT.

BY REV. T. H. TABOR.

THE following are a few of the witnesses who have given their testimony against the doctrine of endless misery. "These witness against thee."—MATT. XXVI. 62.

"The dreadful dogma is not to be found in Christianity. It is the most vain, most pernicious, most groundless conceit."—*Jeremy Bentham*.

"It is a sufficient refutation of endless punishment, that it is incomprehensible. For a righteous law-giver would never ordain a penalty which his people could not understand."—*Hon. J. C. Calhoun*.

"I cannot comprehend how an eternity of punishment is compatible with the goodness of God."—*La Fontaine*.

"Endless punishment, hopeless misery, I acknowledge my inability to admit this belief together with a belief in the divine goodness."—*Rev. J. Forster*.

"I could never fear a God who kept a hell prison-house. No! not though he plunged me there because I refused."—*J. A. Froude*.

"If an angel were to tell me to believe in eternal punishment, I would not do it; for it would better become me to believe the angel a delusion, than God monstrous; and we make him monstrous when we make him the author of eternal punishment."—*Leigh Hunt*.

"The divines who propagate such stuff in this age of the world, should be indicted for blasphemy at common law."—*Elizur Wright*.

"The whole conduct and demeanor of the very persons who defend this doctrine, afford the clearest proof that it is incredible."—*Rev. James Martineau*.

"Think what a moment life is! think of those awful ages of eternity! and then think of all God's power and knowledge used on the lost to make them suffer! think that all but the merest fragment of mankind have gone into this—are in it now. This is all that the greater part of the human race have been used for yet; and it is all right because an overplus of infinite happiness is yet to be wrought out by it! It is *not* right. No possible amount of good to ever so

many can make it right to deprive ever so few—happiness and misery cannot be measured so! I never can think it right—*never!*"—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe*.

"There is some dreadful mistake somewhere!"—*Miss C. E. Beecher*.

"I see not one ray to disclose to me the reason why sin came into the world; why the earth is strewn with the dying and the dead; why man must suffer to all eternity. I have never seen a particle of light thrown on these subjects, that has given a moment's ease to my tortured mind. All is dark, dark, dark, and I cannot disguise it"—*Rev. Albert Barnes*.

"The dogma was always repugnant to my matured reason. Against that miserable dogma every Christian heart feels some revolt, and where theological notions will not let it be confessed, there is often in reserve a kind of secret hope that in some way God's infinite mercy and wisdom will find a way of escape from the terrible anomaly of a scene of eternal torment existing in the empire of a God of Love."—*Rev. P. W. Clayden*.

"This subject (endless misery) is immeasurably awful, and beyond all others affecting. Few persons can behold it in clear vision with a steady eye."—*Dr. Dwight*.

"I sink under the awful weight of my subject. It renders society tiresome, pleasure disgusting, nourishment insipid, and life itself a cruel bitter!"—*Saurin*.

"When I consider the boundless nature of eternity, when I consider the limited durability of man, I can scarcely bring myself to believe that the sins of a few brief years are to be punished throughout a duration that has no end."—*Thomas Dick, L.L.D.*

TESTIMONY FOR IT.

THE following are the testimonies of a few of the noted persons, in ancient and modern times, who have believed in the remedial nature of punishment, and the final salvation of the world.

"Justice is, of itself, nothing but goodness; for it rewards the virtuous with blessings, and conduces to the improvement of the sinful."—*Clemens Alexandrinus*.

"We suppose that the goodness of God, through Christ, will certainly restore all creatures into one final state, his very enemies being overcome and subdued. What, then, is that subjection with which all things must be subdued to Christ? I think it to be that with which we ourselves desire to be subdued to him, and with which also the apostles and all saints who have followed Christ have been subdued to him. For the very expression, *subjected to Christ*, denotes the salvation of those who are subjected."—*Origen*.

"Punishments are holy, as they are remedial and salutary in their effect on transgressors; for they are inflicted, not to preserve men in their wickedness, but to make them cease from their wickedness."—*Titus, Bishop of Bostra*.

"The nature of evil shall, at length, be wholly exterminated, and divine, immortal goodness embrace within itself every rational creature; so that of all who are made by God, not one shall be excluded from his kingdom."—*Gregory Nyssen*.

"The whole creation of mankind, which is God's work, shall be delivered from corruption, bondage, death and pain, and the Serpent that caused the fall shall only perish."—*Gerard Winstanly*.

"God is good, and he will not punish a finite thing infinitely."—*Richd. Coppin*.

"Is it credible that God would threaten sinners with a punishment which he could not execute upon them."—*Archbishop Tillotson*.

"The infinitely powerful, and perfect, must necessarily subject, draw and unite all intelligent beings to himself, to make them as happy as their respective natures can admit."—*Dr. Cheyne*.

"God's design in creating finite intelligences could only be to make them eternally happy, in the knowledge and love of his boundless perfections. Almighty power, wisdom and love cannot be eternally frustrated in his absolute and ultimate designs; therefore, God will at last pardon and re-establish in happiness all lapsed beings."—*A. M. Ramsay*.

"God is love; all his works are works of love; all his creatures productions of love; all punishments, yea, even the most dreadful judgments, spring from this essential principle of the divine nature."—*Paul Siegvolk*.

"God can never punish any man more than is necessary for his reformation. He cannot mistake in the choice of his means, and must always reach his end. He would appear less lovely, if one creature should be forever miserable."—*Steinbart*.

"God punishes not for the common good only, but also for the reformation of the sufferer; which being accomplished, punishment has no further use. It was designed to influence the love and practice of virtue; and when these are produced, it must give place to the happy consequences of amendment."—*Eberhard*.

"The compassion of the only good is infinite—he desireth not the death of the sinner, but that he should turn from his wickedness and live. He desireth! and shall he desire in vain?"—*Chas. Bonnet*.

"At the grand and final consummation, when every will shall be subdued to the will of good to all, our Jesus shall take in hand the resigned chordage of our hearts; he will tune them as instruments, and will touch them with the finger of his own divine feelings. Then shall the wisdom, the might and the goodness of our God become the wisdom, might and goodness of his intelligent creatures; the happiness of each shall multiply and overthrow, in the happiness of all; the universe shall begin to sound with the song of congratulation; and all voices shall break forth in an eternal hallelujah of praise."—*Henry Brooke*.

"As for the purification of all human nature, I fully believe it, either in this world or some after ages."—*Rev. William Law*.

"Vindictive justice, in the Deity, is, I own, no article in my creed. All punishment in the hands of an infinitely wise and good being, I think, must be medicinal."—*William Duncombe*.

"Human nature abhors the very name of eternal punishment, which sets before our eyes a spectacle of insatiable, implacable revenge; and this for no manner of profit or hope of amendment."—*Dr. Burnet*.

"It is impossible that misery, sin, and discord can be eternal."—*Mrs. Alison Cockburn*.

"Providence is merciful, even in punishments, the inflictions of which is the commencement of future good."—*Dr. Lettson*.

"God is our Creator, Preserver, Governor, Friend, and Father. Shall then a Creator, who is a Friend and Father, create for eternal, infinite misery? Will He preserve an existence which ceases to afford happiness, and can only produce misery without end? Will not the Governor and Judge of all the earth do right?"—*Dr. David Hartley.*

"God is love; and he would rather not have given life, than render that life a torment and curse to all eternity."—*Bishop Thomas Newton.*

"We shall all meet finally; we only require different degrees of discipline, suited to our different tempers, to prepare us for final happiness."—*Dr. Priestley.*

"The doctrine of eternal damnation cannot in any wise be retained, if we take the word *eternal* in a strict and absolute sense. For what is eternally damned, must have been created in a state of damnation, for eternity has no beginning."—*Dr. Wette.*

"God would act unjustly in inflicting eternal misery for temporary crimes: the sufferings of the wicked can be but remedial, and will terminate in complete justification."—*Thomas Moore.*

"There will be a period somewhere in the endless futurity, when all God's sinning creatures will be restored by him to rectitude and happiness."—*Dr. John Foster.*

"If Christ died for all, as Mr. Wesley taught, it will soon appear a necessary consequence that *all shall be saved.*"—*Dr. Bush.*

"Believing most firmly in the ultimate and perfect triumph of good over evil, I rejoice in the existence and diffusion of that liberty, which, while it intensifies the contest, accelerates the consummation."—*Horace Greely.*

"The great God changing not from everlasting, saith never, 'I loved once.'"—*Mrs. Browning.*

"God's goodness upholds and preserves all things, both of the outward creation and man's moral existence; and though evil is permitted, it neither mars nor deranges the great plan of universal Providence. Evil is but of time; good of eternity."—*Mary Howitt.*

"It is a glorious thought to cherish in one's own heart, and I would not part

with it for all the world can give."—*The Misses Bronte.*

"We may sum up all the purposes of God toward man in one word, and that is LOVE."—*Mrs. Sherwood.*

"God is Love. He will, therefore, never cease to desire the delivery of every man; here, there, in eternity he will labour for it. God is the only principle ever the same, ever active. Oh, certainly the time will come when the Son shall have subdued all to the Father."—*Fredrika Bremer.*

THE AMERICAN REBELLION AND AMERICAN SLAVERY.

LESS than two years ago we devoted several pages to our views of American Slavery. We recorded our utter detestation of the whole system of Slavery, the sum of all villainies. The most sanguine among us could not then have anticipated what during those two years have come to pass. We all knew that this vile bondage must come to an end. Now we can see the end, we are within hailing distance of the complete emancipation of every slave in the United States. In the Loyal States the owners will be partly compensated; in the rebellious states, all their "goods and chattels," as they called these men in bondage, will be declared free, and encouraged to assert their freedom, and helped by the armies of the government to gain it. The old martyr, John Brown, as sure as there is a God in the universe, looks down from Heaven with joy on the plains of Virginia, where his blood was shed for freedom, and up again to the throne of God with thanks, that the day of redemption is at hand. In 1863 four millions of human beings, held in the most abject bondage, by the most powerful and terrible of tyrants, will be free. What a glorious spectacle! what a grand victory! what an unparalleled sight! Here is an achievement before which all past achievements of armies and nations for freedom sink into nothing. The result of a few right-minded, indomitable, and fearless men. The election of President Lincoln was secured by the abolition sentiment of the North.

That sentiment was the fruit of years of toil. That election brought the crisis which maddened tyranny, and now develops its ruin for ever. We deplore that so many in England have given the cold shoulder, to the cause of the free soilers, and the government, in the gigantic struggle. We are glad to see there are signs that some are beginning to repent this sin, and prepare to do works meet for repentance. The North looked to us with confidence and were disappointed. They asked nothing at our hands but sympathy, and many gave it to their enemies, who are the enemies of God and man, of justice and freedom. Already the present government of the States has done much for freedom against Slavery. Before rebellion actually took place, the slaveholders, by deputation, waited on Lincoln, and requested him to leave out of the programme of his government "*exclusion of slavery from the territories.*" He negatived this demand, despite their threat. He thus rescued for ever from Slavery countries ten times larger than Great Britain. He speedily abolished Slavery in Columbia. He caused a slave trader to be executed as a pirate. He entered into a treaty with our government for the efficient suppression of the slave trade. He brought in a bill for gradual emancipation of slaves with a compensation clause, to their owners. He declares, though he is seeking the establishment of the union, that his friends know, his principles are for freedom to all men everywhere. He has cast the die against Slavery in America. We have every reason to believe him, and every reason to wish him success. Triumph to all his plans, victory to his arms, and the utter vanquishment of all his enemies in this gigantic struggle they evoked to establish a rival government, the chief corner stone of which they affirm shall be Slavery. We have always deplored war. No pen can write the horrors involved in such a struggle. We pray for peace; but not a peace that is at war with the dearest interests of man. The South proclaimed this war; by it the offence came; they sought disunion to perpetuate Slavery. Union and freedom are now the issues of the struggle.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

TO THE RESCUE.

A FEW days ago a vessel was stranded on one of our north-western shores. Five men were employed on the sand to look after the vessel. During this engagement the vessel heeled over and caught one of these men, William Loch, and the whole hull of the vessel rested on his legs and fastened him down to the beach. His head, and arms, and body were left free. The whole population of Garlieston Harbour immediately turned out to rescue him from being drowned, as the tide was coming in. Their whole power was baffled by the weight of the vessel, and the water began to flow around his body. A minister walked into the sea, read a few verses of scripture, and offered up a prayer. Poor William Loch had only one petition, "take off my vest and cover my head, that I may not see the water as it flows around me;" and there he died, amid the mournful wail of a vast helpless multitude. If they could have saved him they would have sacrificed everything in Garlieston to have done so. Dear readers of these lines, turn your eyes to Lancashire and see the distress of *six hundred thousand* of our people. Winter, cold, and hunger are flowing in upon them. It is idle to tell them to escape from that district; where can they go? they are caught, as by a pure accident, and for a season they are fastened down, the objects of human sympathy, as was William Loch. And shall one of them die? If so, that blood is upon our heads. A poor pittance is afforded by poor-rates, about two-pence halfpenny a day. What is that for food and clothing, for firing, and house-rent. Many of them, to save life from hunger, have sold and pawned everything removable from their homes. Now the winter is upon them, and starvation, in *three forms*, looks them in the face,—want of food, firing, and clothing. One of our ministers just now informs us, in one morning's visits, he found twenty-five families without any bed clothing. At once, we say, to the rescue. Everywhere, let every body do something speedily—the tide of death is close upon those people.

UNITARIAN MARTYRS.

BY THOMAS BOWRING.

UNITARIANISM has had its sufferers for conscience's sake—its confessors—its martyrs. Unitarians have given up fortune, friends, valuable worldly connexions—have taken, and that joyfully, the spoiling of their goods—have gone to prison, to exile, to death, rather than disown their Lord—rather than be recreant to their principles. They have been cast out of the church, their names covered with reproach—have been treated as the off-scouring of all things even by their Christian brethren—and yet they have neither denied Christ nor fainted when thus rebuked—and whilst among our great names we can reckon those of Crelius, of Falkland, of Milton, of Locke, of Newton, of Lardner and Belsham, and Channing and Ware—we can boast of our confessors—such boasting being not evil—of our Socinii, our Biddles and Emlyns, our Elwalls, and Lindseys, and Priestleys, and of many besides, who chose rather to endure affliction with the children of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. But it is of Unitarian martyrs—properly so called—that we now purpose to speak—of those who nobly sealed their testimony with their blood.

Now in what are termed the dark ages—those which for many a century preceded the Reformation—there were doubtless numbers of persons who saw the Divine Unity as a light afar off, glimmering and uncertain, yet which served to guide their steps through the surrounding gloom. There were many who perceived the truth as he, to whom sight was given, who “saw men as trees walking.” There were those who—ranked under the general and vague denomination of heretics—the Albigenses, Waldenses, and Lollards—gave their testimony as Unitarians, and died—as did other dissidents from the Church of Rome—for what, to them, was the pure, uncorrupted faith of the primitive ages—for the assertion of the great truth that there was one God the Father and one Lord Jesus Christ. But it was at the Reformation when men's minds were suddenly awakened, and when the dry bones were clothed with sinews and rose up a great and living army, that Unitarian views, among many others, spread very extensively over Christendom. The Socinii, with many others sharing in their sentiments, fled from persecution into Poland and other places from Italy. At the Italian city of Vicenza, a society of Unitarian Christians had been secretly organized, but they could not escape the notice of the Inquisition; three of these persons were committed to prison, of whom one died there, and the other two suffered martyrdom, probably at the stake. Lælius Socinus was a lawyer of high reputation—the far better known Faustus Socinus, his nephew, forsook Italy some years after, and cast his lot with the persecuted and exiled Unitarians. He had brilliant prospects in his native land, but these he without hesitation sacrificed. He was a man of the highest mental endowments and of great learning, above all of the sincerest piety, and the most exemplary life, and though he was

by no means perfect, being in some degree imbued with the persecuting spirit of the age, he was a great and very good man, and his name must be held in veneration.

Some years before Faustus Socinus fled into Poland, Michael Servetus, a Spanish physician, was burned to death at Geneva, for publishing a work against the Trinity. The name of this individual is generally familiar on account of his melancholy end, but few, comparatively, are aware of the many and great sufferings he previously endured on account of his opinions, or of the claims he has on the gratitude of posterity resulting from his labours and discoveries. He preceded Harvey in the statement of the great fact of the circulation of the blood by nearly a century, though it does not appear that Harvey was aware of Servetus's book at the time he demonstrated the circulation of the blood, and therefore he has still all the merit of an original discoverer. But Servetus was as excellent a theologian as a physician, and to theology he directed his principal attention. He was mighty in the Scriptures, and the freedom of his criticisms on doctrines which, however generally received, he could not find there, exposed him to the censures of the church, which he was assured would be productive of fearful consequences. He went from country to country in poverty and sorrow, and at length came to Geneva, where the celebrated John Calvin at that time exercised despotic ecclesiastical sway. By a series of manoeuvres not to Calvin's credit, he at length got Servetus wholly in his power, and then proceeded to denounce him to the magistrates as a blasphemer. By these persons he was condemned to die, and by a slow fire. This horrible sentence was put in execution literally; he was consumed amidst the most dreadful torments by fire from green faggots, that his death might be the more lingering, and with him was consumed “the last book” he had published. Servetus died as he had lived in the profession of the Unitarian faith. He was teased to a recantation on the morning of his execution, but he replied with great temper and clearness, asking his querist to show him a single text in which “Christ was called the Son of God before his birth of Mary.”

We cannot refuse to ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the tribute of the orthodox John Wesley to the worth of Servetus. “Calvin confesses that he procured the death of Michael Servetus, a wise and holy man, purely for differing from him in matters of religion.” It is gratifying to us to know that the Unitarian doctrine for which Servetus was martyred, is now publicly professed and believed by a large portion of the clergy and people of Geneva.

In our own island the believers in the Divine Unity have suffered much and long. The Long Parliament—consisting mainly of Puritans—themselves smarting from the oppressions of the hierarchy—yet decreed death to all who denied the Trinity, and at the revolution anti-trinitarians were expressly excluded from all benefits of the newly-enacted Toleration Act. Long prior to the days of the Stuarts and of William of Orange, Unitarians had been martyred in England—and many persons under the name of

Arians, and perhaps also of Anabaptists, suffered with other Protestants in the cruel reign of the eighth Henry and his daughter Mary, but their names are nowhere recorded save in the book of life. During the reign of Edward the Sixth the persecutions of Protestants in a great measure ceased. The King was young and his heart was tender, but he had advisers who would not suffer him to follow the dictates of his own feelings. Cranmer and Ridley, themselves martyrs in the succeeding reign, were yet persecutors. Two Unitarians at least suffered at stake by their instigation. Joan Bocher, a lady of good family, and of the most exemplary character, was much about the court, and on the best terms with the highest persons there. She would carry copies of the New Testament concealed in her robes for the purpose of distribution, and her delight was in religious conversation; but she was accused of heresy as a denier of Christ's divinity, meaning the deity of his person, and firmly refused to recant. She was condemned to death, and the King was urged to sign the warrant for her execution. He did this most reluctantly, at the express desire of Cranmer—using at the same time these remarkable words—"My Lord Archbishop, since I give up my judgment to yours, if there be sin it must lie at you door"—language which gave Cranmer great disturbance, though it did not cause him to relent. This admirable woman suffered with great constancy; her simple, scriptural faith supported her to the last. The other recorded Unitarian martyr of this reign was a poor foreigner—a native of Holland—named George Van Parre. We are not informed what brought him to England, or what was his situation in life; but it was acknowledged on all hands that he was a man of singular piety and sanctity of manners. When brought to the place of suffering, he embraced the stake, and he died amidst the flames, exclaiming repeatedly "none but Christ" to the last.

I hope to give an account in another tract of the Unitarians who suffered martyrdom during the reigns of Mary, Elizabeth, and James the First, and the troublesome times of Charles the First. Enough has even already been written to show that Unitarians have had "trial of cruel mockings, and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment; that they have wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and in caves of the earth;" and that "they have not counted their lives dear unto themselves, so that they might finish their course with joy, for they have been obedient unto death," and have sealed the pure and scriptural doctrine they professed in the flames.

(To be continued.)

INDUSTRY.—"If you ask me," says Zimmerman, "which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No, I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest. Indeed all good principles most stagnate without mental activity."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY SAMUEL CHARLESWORTH.

(Continued from page 174.)

I WISH to avoid all fine-spun logic upon this question; nor shall I regard it in its psychological aspect. I desire to deal with it as a question of fact and common sense. Proceed we next to deal with the wide-spread fallacy that legal penalties exercise a repressive influence on the prevalence of crime in a degree proportionate to their severity; and that, therefore, capital punishments are peculiarly efficacious in this respect. Fact and philosophy tell an entirely different story;—they prove that legal penalties, of whatever degree, form one of the least efficacious agencies for the repression of crime, seeing that they do not affect, or only remotely so, the causes of crime. Wicked or lawless men have been given to sheep-stealing, to burglary, to forgery, to highway robbery, and other crimes, ever since the world began; and our own experience in this country has shown us that they did not rob us on the highway, or break into our houses, or forge bank notes one bit the more (and perhaps not one bit the less) whether their punishment on detection were the forfeiture of their lives or their liberty. Lord Wynford once said that if the capital penalty were repealed as respects burglary and housebreaking, we should all be murdered in our beds. This prediction happily remains unfulfilled; we don't hang burglars and housebreakers now-a-days, but we sleep a great deal more safely in our beds than when we did hang them. The spirit of our laws is less vengeful than it was a century ago, yet we live in a far better regulated condition of society.

A specimen of the inconsequent logic which still so widely prevails on the respective relations of crime and punishment, appeared in the *Times* at a recent period when wife-beating was the temporary fashion in crime, and the legislature was at its wit's end how to put it down. The *Times* had an article deploring the failure of six months' imprisonment law in restraining the increase of brutal cases of this character. It was found by experience that two months' imprisonment did not deter brutes from assaulting their wives or concubines; and straightway we determined that, as two months would not do, we would try six. What followed? The *Times* thus answered the question:—"The system of brutality which prevailed when the act was passed prevails still to a yet greater extent. It is rarely indeed that we take up a police report, in which we do not find a record of some signal act of dastardly ferocity perpetrated by a man either upon the woman with whom he was cohabiting, or upon his wife. From bad to worse, and from worse to worse still,—thus it is that matters have proceeded until within the last few weeks, and now these atrocities appear to have reached a climax, beyond which it would be difficult to proceed." The six months' imprisonment, the writer went on to say, was clearly not sufficient to put a stop to these barbarities. And having conclusively proved that the increase of punish-

ment had been totally inefficacious, he deduced the following marvellously logical conclusion:—"One thing is perfectly clear,—that this class of offences, above all others, should at all times receive the greatest amount of punishment which a judge can bestow. * * * * A few capital punishments would in all probability operate to deter these ruffians from carrying their brutality beyond a safe point." That is to say, a certain increase of punishment having resulted *negatively*, and worse than negatively, therefore the maximum increase of punishment would produce a *positive* result! If the writer has failed to discover the fallacy of such a deduction, let him put his reasoning in the shape of an algebraic formula, and it will become at once apparent. Yet this is just the sort of reasoning which the world has been constantly acting upon as regards the relations of crime and punishment. And until the fallacy of such logic shall be completely exploded, our efforts to repress crime will always begin at the wrong end. To expect that you will restrain criminal passions according to the mode in which you deal with them *after* they have operated, is simply absurd. You may punish, and men will dread your penalties; but whilst incentives to crime impel, and hopes of escaping detection allure, men will not stay to calculate with precision the fate which awaits them when they overleap the boundaries of moral rectitude. And if this be true of the mere tyro in crime, how much more true of the hardened desperado; if true of the thief, how much more true of the murderer.

But the advocates of capital punishment will tell us that the effect of so dreadful a penalty as death, although it may not restrain the murderer in the whirlwind of his frenzy or passion, *will* restrain the rising impulses of passion before they arrive at the uncontrollable point. The constant association of the idea of capital punishment with crimes against human life, they tell us, makes an habitual terror of such crimes which operates as a check on the rising impulse to destroy. The abolitionist need not stay to discuss this; it may be true or not; it does not affect his position. He does not assert that punishment is totally devoid of deterring efficacy. He admits that the prospect of capital punishment must be a terrible idea to any sane mind which is not heated and clouded by wild passion. But he maintains, with reference to *all* legal penalties for crime, that the man who fears them, is less concerned about their severity than about his own individual chance of escaping them altogether; that the influence of these penalties in restraining from crime is, in the majority of cases, not comparable in potency with hopes and dreads of other kinds; and therefore, that it is *not in precise proportion to their degree of severity* that such penalties have a deterring efficacy. He maintains that this reasoning applies as well to the extreme penalty of death as to all other penalties; and that it is both irrational, and wholly unsupported by evidence, to assume that that penalty possesses any such *peculiar* efficacy as a deterrent from crime, as to warrant its retention in the legal code of a civilised and Christian people.

Not only historic fact and every-day experience, but the philosophy of human nature, disprove the assumption that the fear of death possesses peculiarly deterring efficacy. The truth is, as Lord Bacon long ago put it, that "there is no passion so weak that it does not master the fear of death." We see that in the duellist the passion of pride can overcome the fear of death; whilst in the suicide the same fear has little influence in comparison with the potency of will or the potency of passion. The fear of death, however universal in the abstract, is really very seldom realised with definiteness by the individual. And why? Because every man believes his chance of life to be better than his neighbour's;—all men think all men threatened but themselves. Daily do the public journals record shipwrecks, railway accidents, and loss of life by flood and field in numberless ways; yet sea voyaging and exposure of life and limb undergo no perceptible diminution. Were it not for this instinctive belief (so wisely and mercifully ordained) in every man's bosom, that his chance of life is better than his neighbour's, the world's work, to say nothing of its fighting, would never be done.

All crime, murder included, is the result of a morbid condition of the moral faculties—sometimes, indeed, amounting to insanity. It may be taken for granted that there always exists in society a certain amount of diseased moral action, which only awaits opportunity to manifest itself in the commission of legal offences; and it appears to be a characteristic of minds thus predisposed to crime, that the imitative faculty is singularly excitable. Hence the history of crime in each year, or in separate localities, is often distinguished by the epidemic prevalence of a particular offence. There is no reason to presume that society will ever be wholly free from a certain amount of moral disease in the individuals who compose it. Hence we must never expect the arrival of a day when crime will be totally extinct. Our utmost efforts for its prevention or repression can only result in minimising its amount, and diminishing the number of crimes of violence. Sad experience has completely shown the inefficacy of mere legal punishment as a deterrent from crime; let us now look rather to schemes of prevention than of vengeance.

Better build school rooms for the boy
Than cells and gibbets for the man.

Let us arrest, if possible, the growth of crime, rather than wreak a blind revenge on its generally miserable perpetrators. Capital punishments are neither more nor less than a lazy substitute adopted by society in lieu of discharging that responsibility which should reduce the existence of a murderer in its midst to the minimised degree of possibility. It is so much easier to punish than to prevent crime; to convert a man into a dead carcase than to make of him a living example of righteousness.

I abstain from entering into the question of substitutes for the capital penalty. These would readily be found if once we could make up our minds that our chances of being murdered would not be increased by the abolition of this barbarous practice of strangulation. Murderers, or criminals of any degree are not a *class*, leagued in

fiendish compact against the life and property of society;—on the contrary, they are but individual men of like passions with ourselves. And if we would only consent, in a christian and philosophic spirit, to recognise the essential identity of their natures with our own, we should find the question of dealing with crime far less difficult than is generally conceived. So long as the pressure of poverty, the power of evil habit, revenge, anger, lust of gold, or other wild ebullitions of passion or impulse exist (and they always must exist, perhaps, in some minor degree), crimes will be committed, however threatening the penalties which attach to their commission; and our only hope of diminishing the number or enormity of offences, is not to be found in revengeful penalties, but in more efficient systems of training human souls, more efficacious means of removing them from temptation and delivering them from evil.

DEATH OF THE OLD VILLAGE MINISTER.

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

AND so the gray-haired man who ministered at the altar is dead, whose feet, as they walked on Zion's Hill, were very beautiful in our eyes. How well we remember, when the storm came up, and the sun was hidden, and cloud called out to cloud, that we wished the "minister" would come, for surely no harm could enter the dwelling that he blessed! We used to forget about the falling sparrows; but then we had faith in him, and many a time did we wonder and doubt whether he could not be wafted away, like the prophet of old, in a chariot of fire.

Shall we ever hear Denmark and Corinth again? Sweetly rose Dundee's wild warble in those long-gone days; Old Hundred and Wells and Peterboro'—how grand they were when the breath of the whole congregation went up together, and the voices of matron and maiden were blended!

How distinctly the picture rises in memory—the plain old church, and the people singing before the Lord! The minister read "for their instruction" every Sabbath morning, and prayed for the lambs of the flock, and for them that were feeble and old, that God would have them all in his good keeping, guide them in green pastures, and lead them beside the still waters, and gather them all in the fold at the last. How much snow there used to be sprinkled about there in June—time's snows on the locks of the old! They tell us there is less of it now; that the children whose feet swung clear off the floor, are the men and women to-day; and the voice of the Elder is stilled, and the prayers that he uttered are ended. They have removed the old square pulpit, as high as a house, that succeeded the swallow's nest of a predecessor against the wall—the swallow's nest of a pulpit that hung there beneath a flower-shaped bell, that Linnæus never numbered nor named.

We are sorry the old square look-out between heaven and earth is removed, for it was for years among the mysteries of childhood, what there might be in it—if ever an angel—and where the minister went when we could not see him. Often had we stood at the foot of the stairs that led up to the mystery; but only once did we venture to ascend them. Judge of our disappointment that there was nothing of gold there—no glories that we had read of in the Apocalypse; for we fancied there were. There was a rough, bare floor, an uncushioned bench, an old worn Bible, an ancient copy of Watts's Psalmody, and a little pile of Sunday-school books in a corner.

And it was thence, from the midst of such a place, those words of eloquence had come, that charmed, and thrilled, and awed us then—that charm, and thrill, and awe us in memory yet. We ascended the little platform, and standing upon tiptoe, looked over the high breastwork upon the empty pews. There was nothing very grand about it, we thought, that almost made us breathless, and stealing down, we left the sacred place—more sacred to us than any we have seen since, save the spot where the minister has wearied and slept.

The members of the old congregation have gone up to loftier courts, and we shall see them no more. The grandmothers in sober black, that came tottering in with their white handkerchiefs smoothly folded and laid upon their arms; the fair-browed girls that sang the alto and the air; the children with the sprigs of caraway and dill; the deacon whose beard blossomed like an almond-tree hard by the pulpit door; the old woman that in winter time brought the tin foot-stove for a solace, the little paper fans that waved, when days were summer, like so many little wings about the church, as if the old minister had a family of cherubims for audience; the old doxology they used to sing last in the afternoon; the trembling benediction, like the blessing of a patriarch, they received—these we shall never see and hear again as they were.

No longer, in Sabbath noons, do they sit upon the grass beneath the old poplars, and talk in tones subdued, while taking their frugal meal; no longer do they linger among the old, gray gravestones of the "burying-ground," that is since a "cemetery," and contemplate the stone willows that never put forth a leaf; for the times have changed, and there is but one sermon a day, and those who brought their dinners of old, have sat down, the most of them, to the feasts of the Lamb, where the tree of life, the true tree of heaven, and no poplar, is blooming for ever.

The deaf who sat on the pulpit stairs in those old times can hear the waving of a seraph's wing to-day; for the "daughters of music" have been lifted from the dust wherein they were lying. The old blind man whose doubtful feet young eyes did guide, lives now to morning light.

We think it ought to be set down upon a map somewhere, that the old church was very near the "house not made with hands"—only the graveyard's breadth removed. We think it ought somewhere to be written, "The house that they builded of old, let it remain forever."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

HOW TO CURE DYSPEPSIA.—Have a right good talk, with a funny anecdote or two, and a half-dozen hearty laughs, with each meal. This eating alone at a restaurant, and shoveling in the provender in solemn silence, will give dyspepsia to an ostrich.

TAKING IT LITERALLY.—A lady well known for her liberal support of our various local charities, was called on, a few days since, by a poor woman from Holloway, who earnestly solicited a dispensary ticket. The lady, of course, inquired the nature of the ailment for which medical aid was required. The woman replied that she didn't know—she felt very bad all awver, but that Mr. — the Scripture reader, told her yesterday as how she had got a stone in her heart. — *Bath Journal.*

A HAPPY HOME.—Six things, says Hamilton, are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up with cheerfulness: and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

IT WON'T DO TO DIE BY.—We are often told our Unitarian and Universalist views won't do to die by. I visited a town in the North of England a month or two ago, and was asking for old friends; and "how is old Richard?" I enquired. "Dead," said my friend; "and I rejoiced to hear his firm testimony; though he had had much suffering through life, his faith was the stay of his soul in his last moments. He was surrounded by those who held different views, and on my approaching him he called out at the pitch of his voice, I am glad to see you, and once more, in the midst of those friends now around me, declare to you and all of them, thus openly, how comforting our faith is in the last moments of existence." Trinitarians often talk as if we had never seen Unitarians die in peace. Father, forgive them.

THE QUEEN'S BOOK.—In the chapter on the "Love of God," in the book recently authorised by Her Majesty to be issued among her subjects, you will find the popular dogmas of a Personal Devil and Everlasting Punishment spoken of as not worthy of refutation. What will the Bishops and Evangelicals think of the Head of the Church. The writer shows that during the captivity of the Jews, they imbibed many of the heathen notions and incorporated them with their Mosaic code. Among these was that of a devil. This dogma has been handed down from sire to son, until it became a fundamental doctrine of the Church called Christian: and the clergy have used their ingenuity in attempting to portray the miseries of the damned in a future world. An endless hell was never designed by God as a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ. The clergy are indebted to the heathen for this master. It is one that may frighten and drive men, but can never lead or persuade them.

THE NEW PRIMATE AND THE ATHANASIAN CREED.—A correspondent of the *Cambridge Independent* writes:—"The friends of church reforms and liturgical revision will be surprised, perhaps, to know that they have plausible reason for expecting some sympathy, in one direction at least of their efforts, from the new Archbishop of Canterbury. Several years ago Dr. Longley's sister married a gentleman who was a Dissenter, and of an heterodox sect. A correspondence, which was afterwards published, ensued between the brothers-in-law, and though the controversy ended in each retaining his own opinion, it afforded an admirable specimen of the temper in which such controversy should be carried on, and in no degree lessened the regard which both parties felt for each other. The lady died two years ago in the profession of the opinions of the sect she had joined. I mention the matter, in order to quote a sentence used by Dr. Longley in the course of the controversy. It is true that at that time he was only a simple clergyman, and had no dreams even of archbishoprics, but it is possible he may not even now shrink from the avowal. 'Nothing,' he says, 'that I have advanced on the subject of the Athanasian creed is, as I conceive, in the least degree inconsistent with my joining in the sentiment of Tillotson, and wishing it removed from our church service. If I were called upon to give my vote upon the subject it would be for its omission.'"

TWO WAYS OF FISHING.—Rev. Dr. Bellows, Unitarian Clergyman of New York, recently employed the following illustration of two ways ministers have of preaching: "When men go a fishing for trout, they take a light tapering pole, with a fine silken line attached, and a sharp hook with a sweet morsel of worm on the end. They noiselessly drop the line on the water and let it float to the fish, which nibbles, and by a slight twitch is landed safely on the bank. But when men go fishing for souls, they tie a cable on to a stick of timber, and an anchor is the hook. On this a great chunk of bait is stuck, and with this ponderous machine grasped in both hands, they walk up and down thrashing the water, and bellowing at the top of their voices, 'Bite, or be damned.'"

"True, some men fancy that genteel fishing is the only fishing worth following; that if you use aught but an imported pole, silken line, fly-hook, and sweet morsel of worm, and catch anything but trout, it is a plebeian work, a failure. If a dozen dainty little trout grace their string, they walk by the weather-beaten fisher's boat, half full of great, rich cod, shad, or haddock, with an air of lofty contempt, which reads, Oh, you are a clumsy sort of a fisherman! Why don't you catch trout? So have I seen a kid-gloved dandy toady round a few select families to get them to his church, and if he succeed, look down with ineffable disdain on the honest minister over the way, whose congregation, four times as large, embraces four times the character and worth of the lavender-water caste that he so vauntingly parades as the product of his hook."